

CONAN THE  
BARBARIAN

15¢  
©

2  
DEC

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!



# CONAN

## THE BARBARIAN



MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP

**DIE,**  
MANLING! YOU ARE NO  
MATCH FOR THE  
POWER OF THE  
**BEAST-MEN!**

IN THE CAVERN  
WAITS...  
**DOOM!**





FROM OUT OF EARTH'S DIM, FORGOTTEN PAST--FROM THE CENTURIES WHICH  
SPRAWL BETWEEN THE SINKING OF ATLANTIS AND THE DAWNING OF HISTORY--COMES--

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN!

## LAIR OF THE BEAST-MEN!

IT IS SUMMER IN THE NORTH-LYING  
KINGDOM CALLED AESGAARD,  
HERE IN THIS WORLD OF MORE THAN  
ONE HUNDRED CENTURIES AGO---  
BUT STILL A BLANKET OF SNOW  
AND ICE RESTS HEAVY UPON THE  
LAND--- AS A DARK-HAIRED YOUTH  
KNEELS GRIMLY BEFORE A SHAGGY  
FORM WHICH, MERE MOMENTS  
BEFORE, HAD TRIED TO SNUFF OUT  
HIS BRIEF LIFE ---

THE GIANT  
ONE IS  
DEAD---

... BECAUSE  
HE THOUGHT ME  
TOO SMALL,  
TOO PUNY TO  
FIGHT BACK.

BUT, WHAT  
MANNER OF MAN  
OR BRUTE IS IT  
THAT CAME CHARGING  
TOWARD ME FROM  
OUT OF NOWHERE?

STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • BARRY SMITH ARTIST • SAL BUSCEMA INKER • SAM ROSEN LETTERER • BASED ON THE HERO CREATED BY ROBERT E. HOWARD

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WELL THEN, I  
SUPPOSE I  
MUST PURSUE  
HER.

IF NOTHING  
ELSE, SHE  
DOUBTLESS  
DWELLS NEAR  
HERE-- AND IT'S  
NOT GETTING  
ANY WARMER.



HALT, WOMAN-- NO  
NEED TO FLEE.

UPON MY WORD,  
I WANT NOTHING FROM  
YOU BUT DIRECTIONS...  
OR AT MOST, A NIGHT'S  
LODGINGS.



LODGINGS? AYE,  
WE'LL GIVE YOU LODGINGS  
IN BRUTHEIM, LONG-  
HAIR---

... FOR THE  
REST OF YOUR  
UNHAPPY  
LIFE!

AAARRRAHH!

WELL MET,  
ZHA-GORR... THE  
BARBARIAN GOES DOWN.



BUT ONLY AT  
THE COST OF  
MY CHOICEST  
PIKE, MOIRA.  
HOW STRONG  
HE MUST---

WHAT?  
HE  
STILL  
MOVES?



LOOK AT HIM,  
MOIRA-- HOW HE  
GROPEES FOR ME,  
EVEN THRU HALF-  
DAZED EYES.



HE'LL MAKE A WORTHY  
SLAVE-- AND THAT FOR  
CERTAIN!



ENOUGH! HE'LL  
DO US NO GOOD  
WITH A SPLIT  
SKULL.

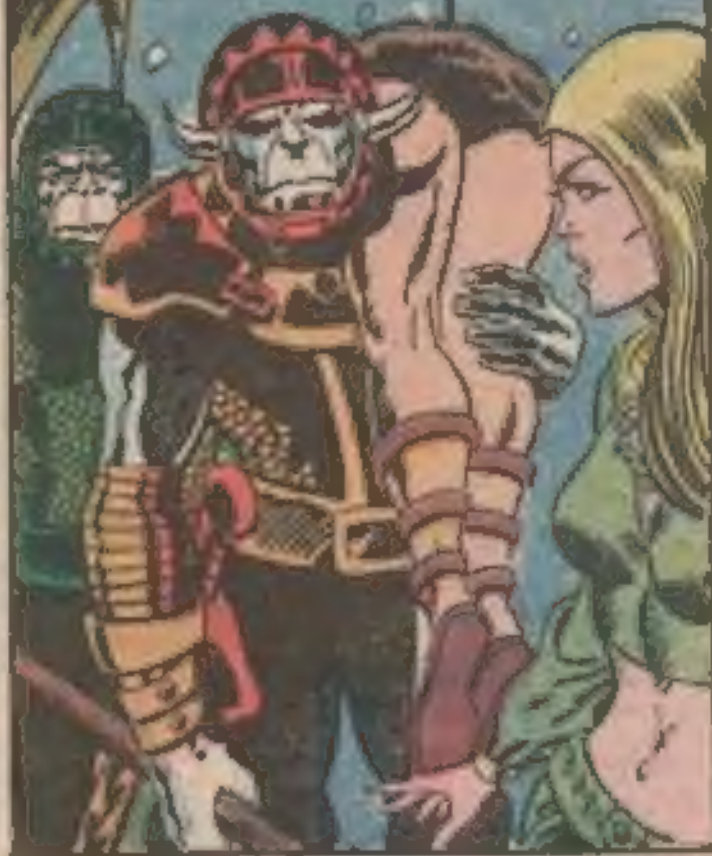
BACK TO  
BRUTHEIM  
WITH THE  
WRETCH!

DO NOT SEEK  
TO GIVE ORDERS  
TO OFFICERS OF  
THE BRUTORIAN  
GUARD, WOMAN.

YOU WERE A  
USEFUL TOOL,  
WITH CHARMS  
ENOUGH TO LURE  
THE MANLING  
TO HIS DOOM...  
BUT NOW WE  
WILL TAKE  
CHARGE!

FOR, THOUGH  
YOU MAY BE  
THE KING'S  
FAVORITE--

YOU ARE STILL  
MERELY HUMAN,  
AFTER ALL.



-- SO, YOU SAY  
YOU WATCHED  
FROM AFAR WHILE  
THE MANLING  
FOUGHT AND SLEW  
OUR WAYWARD  
COMRADE GAN-  
TORR?

SERVES THE  
GIANT ONE ARIGHT,  
FOR STRIKING OUT  
EVER ON HIS OWN.

STILL, IF I HAD MY  
WILL, I'D GUT THE  
MANLING FOR IT.

AYE... BUT  
THERE IS NEED FOR  
NEW SLAVES IN THE  
LAND OF ALWAYS-  
LIGHT!

THE LAND OF ALWAYS-LIGHT! THE CIMMERIANS  
PIERCING EYES ARE CLOSED... HIS EARS UNHEARING  
... AS HE IS BORNE BODILY THRU NIGHT-DARK  
TUNNELS...



... INTO A VAST,  
ILLUMINED  
CAVERN...



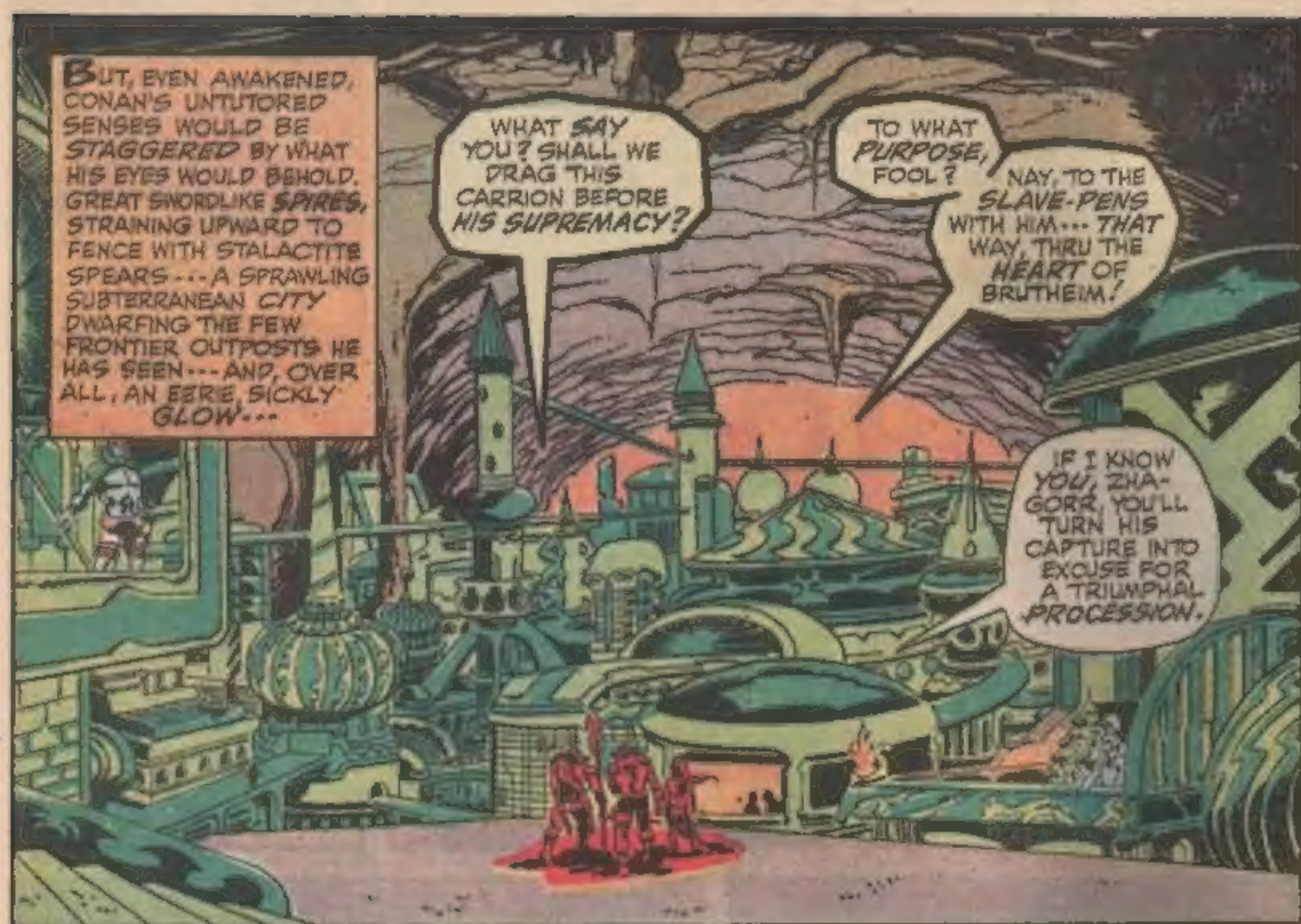
BUT, EVEN AWAKENED, CONAN'S UNTUTORED SENSES WOULD BE STAGGERED BY WHAT HIS EYES WOULD BEHOLD. GREAT SWORDLIKE SPIRES, STRAINING UPWARD TO FENCE WITH STALACTITE SPEARS... A SPRAWLING SUBTERRANEAN CITY DWARFING THE FEW FRONTIER OUTPOSTS HE HAS SEEN... AND, OVER ALL, AN EERE, SICKLY GLOW...

WHAT SAY YOU? SHALL WE DRAG THIS CARRION BEFORE HIS SUPREMACY?

TO WHAT PURPOSE, FOOL?

NAY, TO THE SLAVE-PENS WITH HIM... THAT WAY, THRU THE HEART OF BRUTHEIM!

IF I KNOW YOU, ZHA-GORR, YOU'LL TURN HIS CAPTURE INTO EXCUSE FOR A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.



AND WHY SHOULD I NOT, FEMALE?

IS NOT ZHA-GORR MIGHTIEST OF ALL HIS SUPREMACY'S GUARDSMEN?

IS NOT MY NAME VOICED MORE LOUDLY AT THE GAMES THAN ANY SAVE THAT OF THE KING HIMSELF?



THEN, HIS BRAIN STILL REELING, THE BLACK-MANED BARBARIAN IS SEARCHED... SHACKLED... AND HURLED HEADLONG INTO A CLAMMY, BENIGHTED CHAMBER...

IN THERE, MANLING! LANGUISH WITH THE REST OF YOUR LOATHSOME KIND.

I PHAUGH! I ALREADY I GROW ILL FROM THE MAN-REEK HERE.







SO, OUR MASTERS' NETS HAVE SNARED ONE MORE LUCKLESS TRAVELER.

HO, FELLOW, I AM KIORD, CHIEF THRALL OF BRUT-HEIM BARRACKS.

I AM CONAN, A CIMMERIAN.

BUT... HAVE I BEEN CAST AMONG SPECTRES? YOU ARE ALL... SO PALE.



AS YOU SHALL BE, YOUTH, WHEN YOU HAVE DWELT A WHILE IN THE LAND OF ALWAYS-LIGHT.

WE HAVE HEARD OF SOMETHING IN THE OUTER WORLD CALLED THE SUN, WHICH TURNS THE SKIN TO BRONZE.

BUT WE HAVE NEVER SEEN IT... NOR SHALL YOU, EVER AGAIN.

NO? THEN SLAY ME NOW WITH THOSE GREAT HANDS, TALL ONE...



... FOR, I WILL BE FREE!!

CONAN... HOLD! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!



NOW DO YOU SEE? I MEANT ONLY THAT METAL BARS HOLD YOU PRISONER... MAKE YOU ONE OF US.

ALAS, WE ALL WERE BORN SLAVES... BUT YOU, TOO, SHALL GROW OLD AS ONE.

BORN A SLAVE? OF THOSE BRUTISH BEAST-MEN BELOW?

YOU WERE RIGHT, KIORD. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.



"THEN HEARKEN, MAN-  
LING FROM THE WORLD  
BEYOND..."



"LISTEN, AND I'LL TELL  
YOU A TALE HANDED DOWN  
FROM CHIEF THRALL TO  
CHIEF THRALL, SINCE  
TIME OUT OF MIND.

"LONG, LONG AGO, IN  
THAT OUTER WORLD  
WHICH WE HAVE NEVER  
GLIMPSED, A HUMAN  
WANDERER FROM AFAR  
LED A SMALL WAR-  
PARTY INTO THE ICY  
WASTES WHICH LIE  
ABOVE OUR HEADS.

"THEIR MISSION... TO  
DESTROY THE RUMORED  
BEAST-MEN, ERE THEY  
GREW STRONG ENOUGH  
TO MENACE THE WORLD  
WHERE MEN RULE..."

"BUT, THOSE BOLD WARRIORS WERE  
FATED NEVER TO RETURN TO THE  
HAUNTS OF MEN.



"AMBUSHED... SORELY  
OUTNUMBERED... THEY  
WERE DEFEATED..."



"... YET, NOT SLAIN... NO, NOT ALL...  
FOR, THE BEAST-MEN WERE SHREWD,  
AND LEARNED FROM THE CAPTIVES OF  
SOMETHING CALLED... A WEAPON.



"THEY ALSO  
FOUND THAT  
MEN MADE  
GOOD  
WORKERS..."



"... TOO GOOD, IN FACT, TO BE  
ALLOWED TO DIE OUT WHEN  
THEIR MEAGRE LIFESPAN WAS  
DONE..."



"... NOT SO LONG AS THERE WERE  
HUMAN FEMALES DWELLING ON  
THE EDGES OF THE ICE-WASTES..."



"... WHO WOULD MAKE LOVELY BRIDES  
FOR THEIR HAPLESS MAN-SLAVES...!"







MUCH LATER, THEY FOUND THIS ABANDONED CITY... BUILT BY SOME EARLIER, LONG-DEAD RACE OF MEN.

SINCE THEN, OUR MASTERS HAVE MADE MANY STRIDES HERE IN BRUTHEIM... ALL UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD WITHOUT.

HO! OUR GUARDS HAVE COME FOR US.

IT IS THE WORK-TIME.

CHIEF THRALL... MUSTER YOUR MANLINGS.



COME, CONAN. YOU MUST FALL TO, WITH THE REST OF US.

WHY DO YOU DELAY? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF, CONAN?

I WAS ONLY REMEMBERING...



... THAT THE NAME "CHIEF THRALL" STILL MEANS... A SLAVE.



.. THERE, CIMMERIAN, ARE THE NEWEST TOYS OF OUR KING GHA-KREE.

WAR MACHINES, WITH WHICH OUR MASTERS WILL ERE LONG ATTACK THE OUTER WORLD.

NOW, I MUST LEAVE YOU. TAKE CARE... AND DO WHAT IS DEMANDED OF YOU.

SILENCE, KIORD. YOU KNOW YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK DURING THE WORK-TIME...

... EXCEPT TO RELAY OUR ORDERS TO YOUR FELLOW WORMS.



THEN, CONAN STANDS ALONE... IN CHAINS FOR THE FIRST TIME OF HIS YOUNG LIFE, AND NOT AT ALL LIKING IT...



AHH, MANLING... THE FIRE IN YOUR EYES TELLS ME YOU REMEMBER ZHA-GORR... THE ONE WHO CAPTURED YOU.



HAH! THIS WAR-HELM IS NOT FOR THE LIKES OF A SLAVE... I CLAIM IT FOR MY PRIZE.

WHAT SAY YOU TO THAT, DOG?



THIS TIME, CONAN'S COBRA-QUICK ANSWER COMES NOT IN WORDS...



BUT, HIS HEAVY CHAINS HAMPER HIM... AND THE SMALLER OF THE TWO MAN-APES WIELDS HIS PIKE MUCH MORE SWIFTLY THAN CONAN COULD HAVE GUESSED...



GOOD TIMING, HAR-LANN. I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT SLAVES TAKEN FROM THE OUTER WORLD OFTEN HAVE SOME FIGHT LEFT IN THEM.

TOO MUCH FIGHT.

I SAY WE SHOULD KNOCK IT OUT OF HIM.



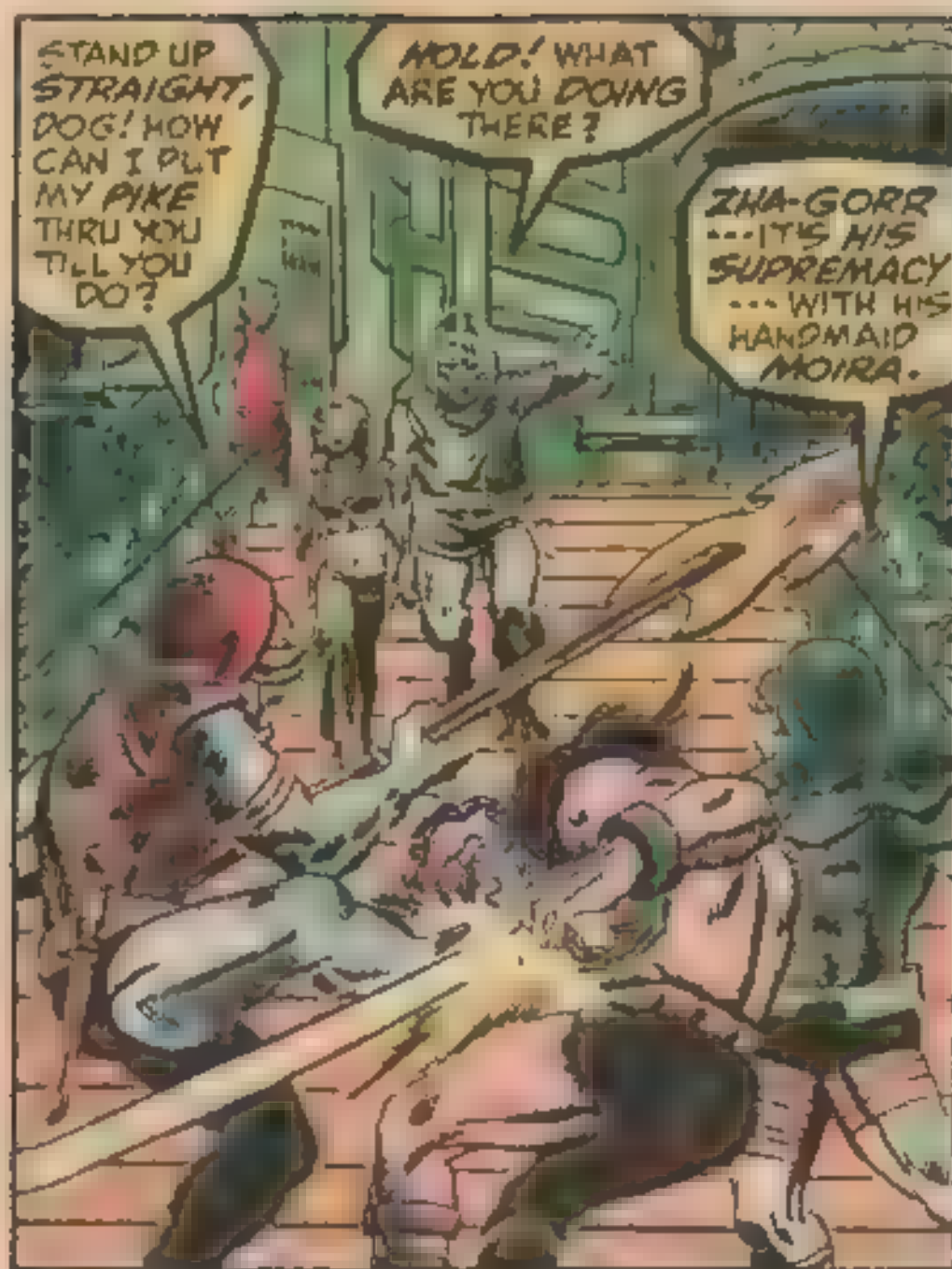
UH OH! THE NEW ONE IS AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW. I HOPE THEY DON'T TAKE HIS ACTIONS OUT ON US, AS WELL.

THE BARBARIAN STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET... KNOWING HE'LL BE STRUCK DOWN AGAIN.

IS THAT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MANLING... AND A MAN?



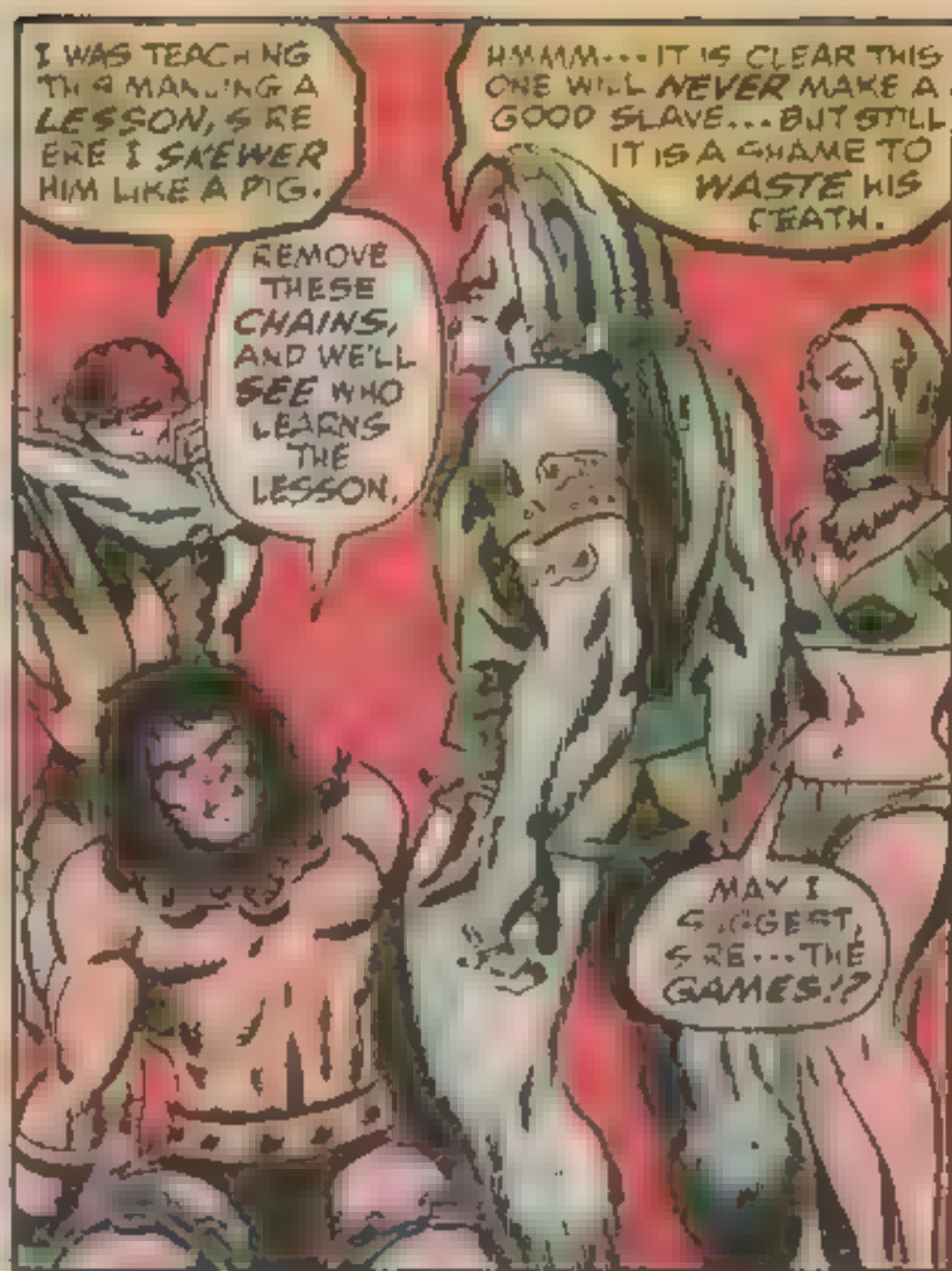




STAND UP STRAIGHT, DOG! HOW CAN I PUT MY PIKE THRU YOU TILL YOU DO?

HOLD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?

ZHA-GORR...IT'S HIS SUPREMACY...WITH HIS HANDMAID MOIRA.

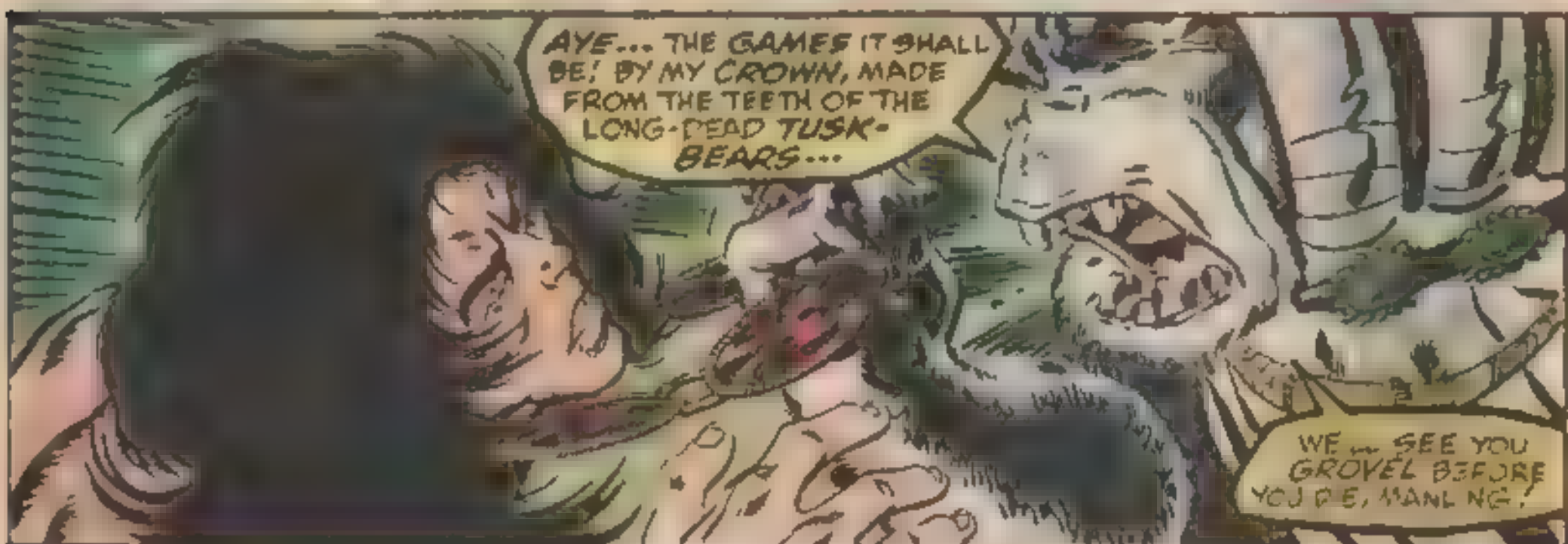


I WAS TEACHING THE MAN A LESSON, SREERE I SAEWER HIM LIKE A PIG.

UHHMM...IT IS CLEAR THIS ONE WILL NEVER MAKE A GOOD SLAVE...BUT STILL IT IS A CHANCE TO WASTE HIS FEATH.

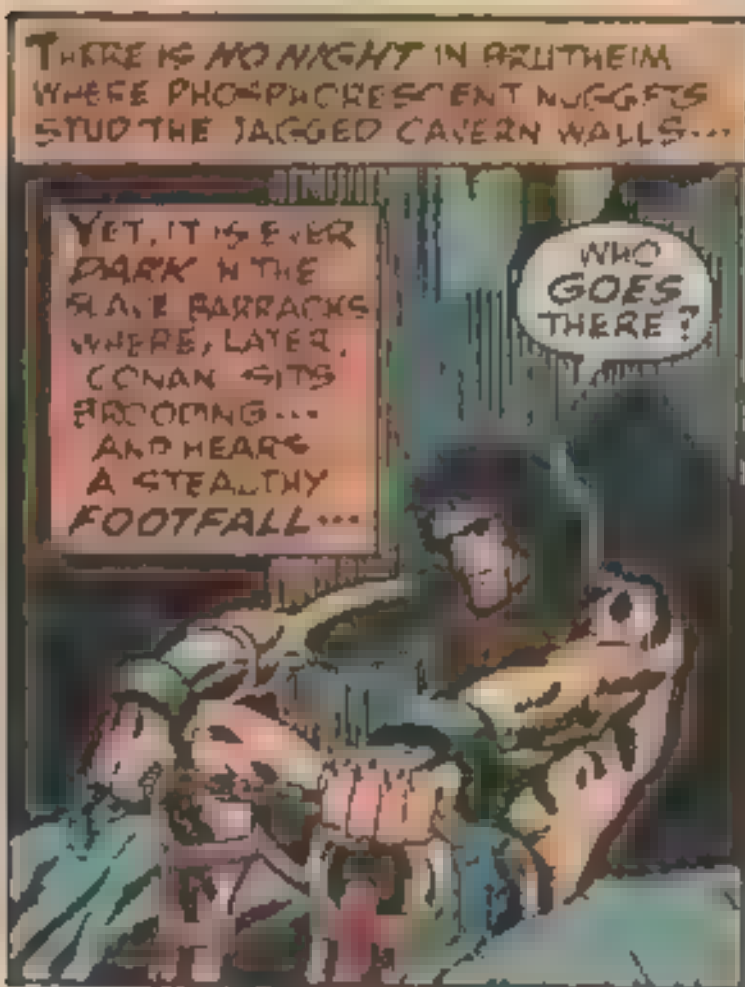
REMOVE THESE CHAINS, AND WE'LL SEE WHO LEARNS THE LESSON.

MAY I SUGGEST, SRE...THE GAMES?!



AYE... THE GAMES IT SHALL BE! BY MY CROWN, MADE FROM THE TEETH OF THE LONG-DEAD TUSK-BEARS...

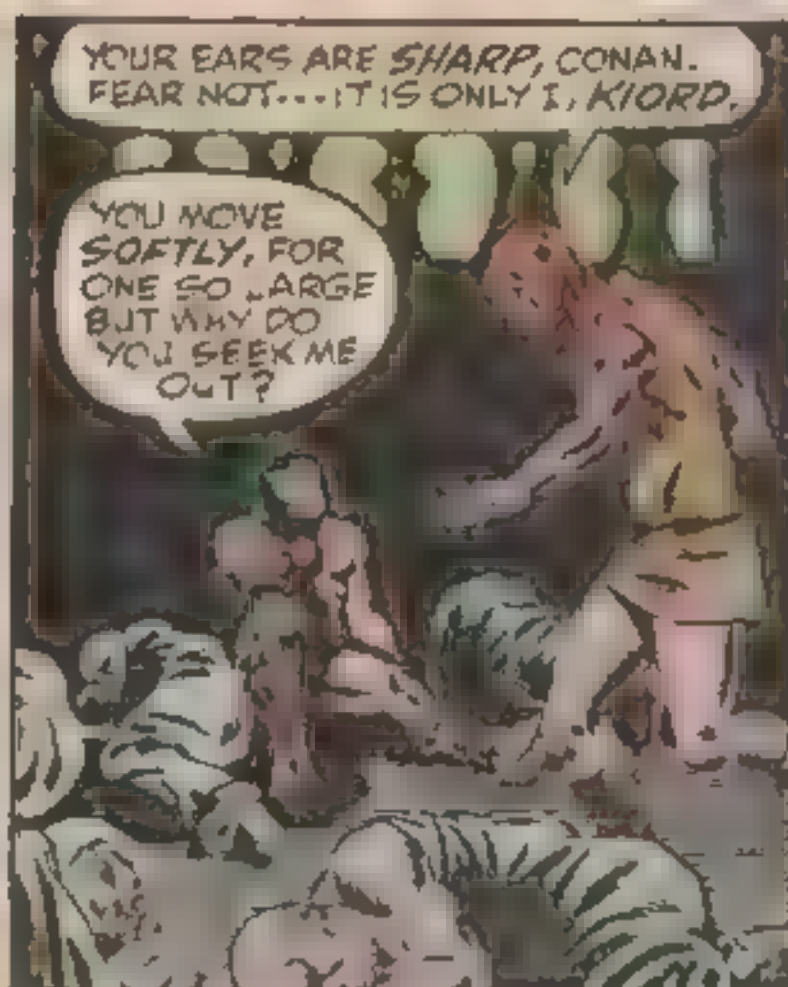
WE SEE YOU GROVEL BEFORE YOU'RE, MAN'NG.



THERE IS NO NIGHT IN BRUTHEIM WHERE PHOSPHORESCENT MUGGLES STUDD THE JAGGED CAVERN WALLS...

YET, IT IS EVER DARK IN THE SLAVE BARRACKS WHERE, LATER, CONAN SITS BROODING... AND HEARS A STEALTHY FOOTFALL...

WHO GOES THERE?



YOUR EARS ARE SHARP, CONAN. FEAR NOT...IT IS ONLY I, KIORD.

YOU MOVE SOFTLY, FOR ONE SO LARGE BUT WHY DO YOU SEEK ME OUT?



I...HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING.



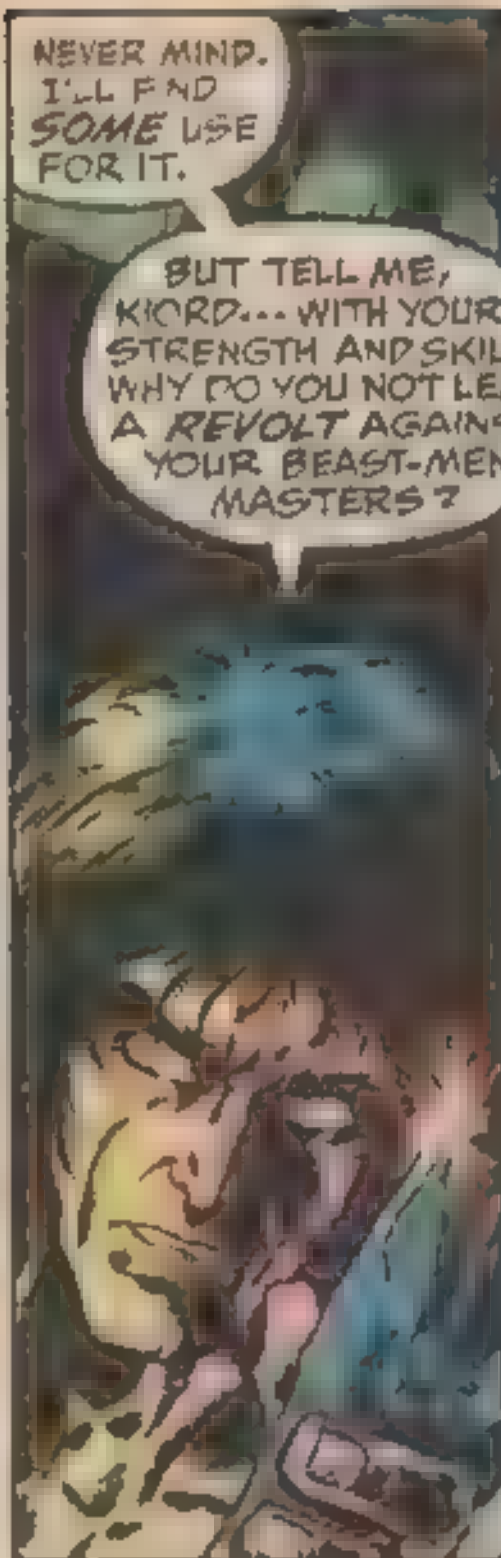


IT IS BUT A KNIFE  
OF OBSIDIAN  
WHICH I CARVED  
LONG AGO WITH  
STONES.

I MEANT IT TO TAKE  
MY OWN LIFE. IF EVER  
NEED AROSE... BUT IT  
WILL SAVE YOU  
SUFFERING, AS  
WELL.

YOU GAVE  
ME THIS BLADE  
...SO I COULD  
KILL MYSELF?

OF COURSE.  
WHY ELSE?



NEVER MIND.  
I'LL FIND  
SOME USE  
FOR IT.

BUT TELL ME,  
KIORD... WITH YOUR  
STRENGTH AND SKILL,  
WHY DO YOU NOT LEAD  
A REVOLT AGAINST  
YOUR BEAST-MEN  
MASTERS?



IT? NAY, WE WERE  
BORN AND BRED TO  
SERVE... AND SERVE  
WE SHALL.

ANY OTHER COURSE  
MUST LEAD TO BLOOD-  
SHED, AND I WOULD  
NOT SEE A FLOCK OF MY  
FLOCK SUFFER AS MUCH  
AS A UKOP.

PERHAPS  
BLOOD IS A  
PRICE YOU  
MUST PAY...  
TO BE FREE.



**NO, I SAY!**  
I'M NO COWARD...  
AYE WE KNOW  
THAT WORD DOWN  
HERE, TOO.

BUT YOUR  
PRICE IS  
TOO HIGH.  
**TOO HIGH!**

BETTER TO LIVE  
OUT OUR LIVES AS  
SLAVES, THAN ALL  
TO DIE... ON THE  
ALTAR OF SOME  
DREAMER'S FOLLY.

CONAN...  
I, TOO, HAVE  
DREAMED OF  
BEING FREE.



OFTEN IN THE DARKNESS  
I HAVE DREAMED THAT  
OUR MASTERS HAVE  
SIMPLY VANISHED...

... AND THAT I RULED  
THIS CITY, AS ITS KIND  
AND LOVING KING.

BUT THERE WAS  
NO BLOOD ON THE  
PAVEMENT, CONAN.  
**NO BLOOD!**



THEN DREAM ON,  
MANLING... TILL THE  
DAY YOU DIE.

SOMEONE ONCE  
TOLD ME I WOULD  
BE A KING, TOO...  
I FORGET WHO.

BUT WHEN I  
SLEEP I HAVE  
NO DREAMS.

GOOD  
NIGHT MY  
THANKS  
FOR THE  
KNIFE.



THE GAMES OF GHA-KREE... EVENT SUPREME OF BRUTHEIM... THE SOLE TIME WHEN ARE GATHERED ALL THE BEAST-MEN WHO LORD IT OVER THIS SMALL BUT SAVAGE REALM... AND WHERE NOW ARE DISPLAYED THE GREAT WEAPONS OF WAR WHICH SOON SHALL CARVE THEM OUT AN EMPIRE FROM THE WORLD ABOVE.

THE MANLINGS WATCH TOO, PENNED IN WOODEN CAGES... FOR HERE THE BEAST-MEN EXECUTE, N KAL-BY-COMBAT, THOSE HUMANS THEY DEEM MOST REBELLIOUS... AND THUS MOST DANGEROUS...



**BOYS! MEN!**

**MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD CAN GIVE YOU POWERFULLY TONED MUSCLES AND PUT FULL STRENGTH IN YOUR MUSCLES... MAKE THEM SO STRONG YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW FULL OF STRENGTH YOU ARE! IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WEIGHTS, NO BAR BELLS, NO FORMAL LONG EXERCISES AT ALL!! (MAKES GLADIATOR MUSCLES TO A GLADIATOR JOB)**

"Yes if the girls laugh at you now when you try doing anything that requires strength--toned up muscles--they will be amazed, astonished, with the strength and strong men things you will be able to do after you master the DYNAMLEX METHOD! You will be so proud of the feats of strength you will be able to do, of the increased power in every one of your muscles" says Mike Marvel, Master of toning and putting strength into muscles!

[illegible]

I wish from strong you have become how you tended  
 you much as a girl. I am in of strength and I  
 the to be what I know how you did I told them about  
 the me to be of the of the of the of the of the  
 I am a girl of the of the of the of the of the  
 SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS

**MAIL NO-RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!**

MIKE MARVIZ, Dept P.O. Box 333  
Lenox Hill Sta. New York, NY 10021

OK Mike Marshall's record is my 31'93" Sand  
his gun and a Byrnes system of one book wh  
which a chapter on 5 NETS OF ATTRACTING  
So I must agree that the Christian method  
has given us peace & turned racism on its  
side with a much more effective one strong that  
I can be proud to show my friends from strong  
I am

And I must do this in 10 minutes a day - h  
 on the way to the airport for the future a  
 for me I am with no question and up  
 the day.

HOW DYNAFLEX TONES MUSCLES AND  
INCREASES THE STRENGTH OF YOUR MUSCLES

[illegible]

## STRONG MAN SEX APPEAL

[illegible]

**SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

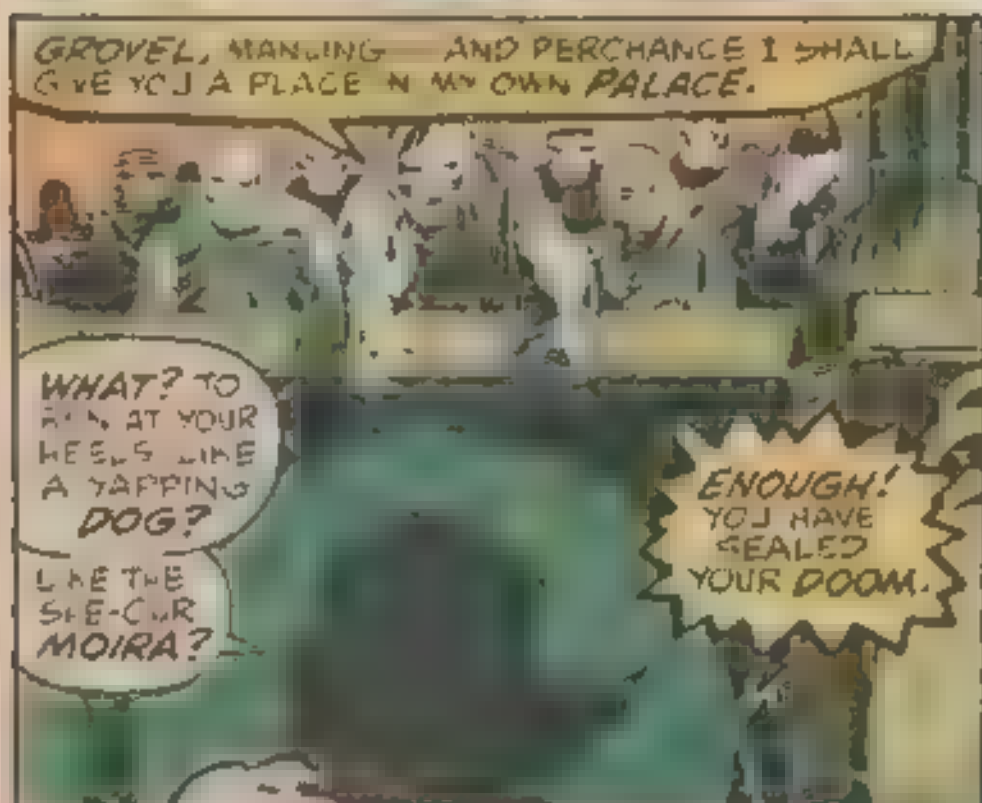
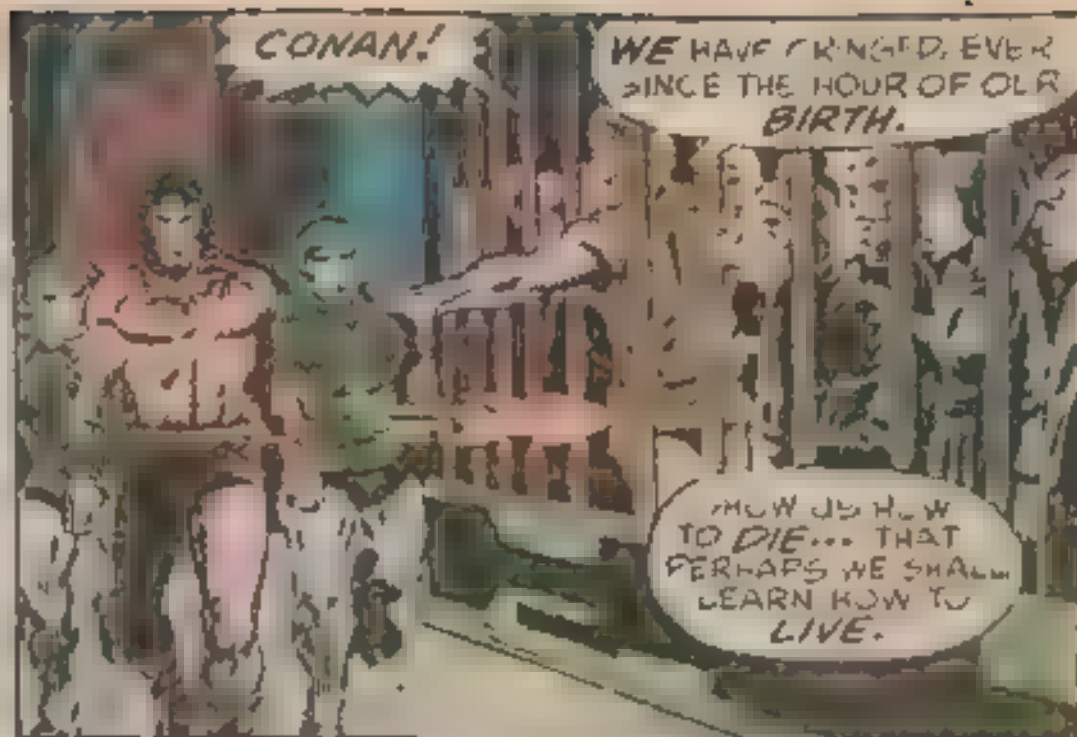
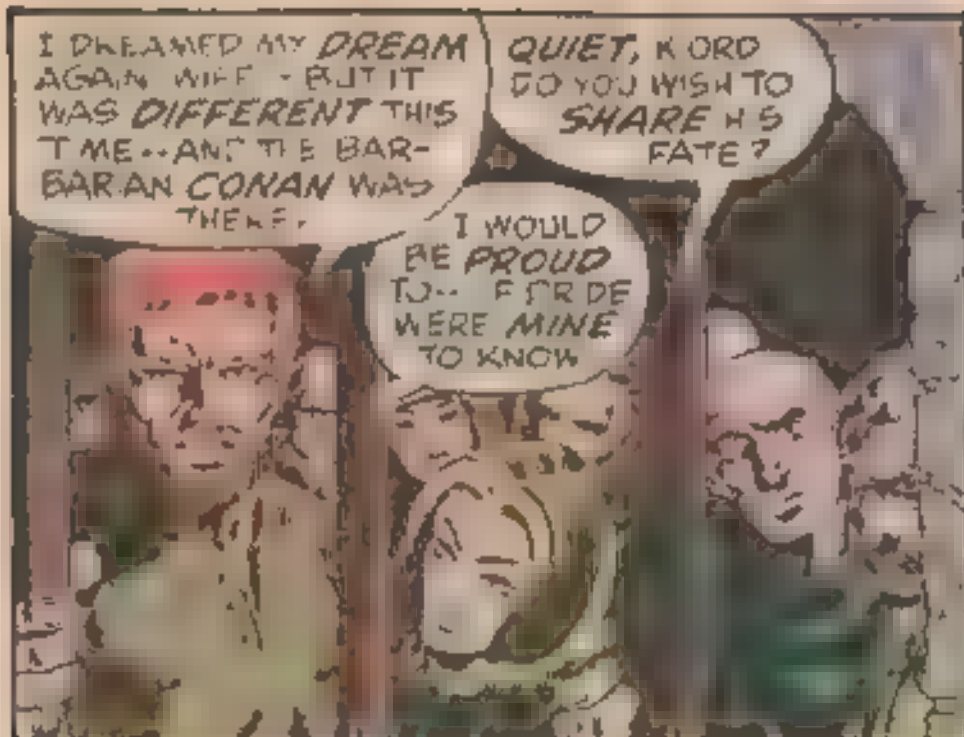
HERE ARE THE KIND OF TESTIMONIALS YOU  
WILL WANT TO WRITE AFTER YOU MASTER  
DYNAFLEX

"I tried two other ~~different~~ juicing systems before I tried  
Dynaball. I can't ~~remember~~ ~~and~~ now I have digested a veggie  
and it's a ~~great~~ ~~idea~~ ~~worked~~ I can't praise it  
high enough.

"I never thought you can justify some my mistakes and  
make them as wrong as I did thing and only if I expect a  
or weight thing. Oh I do hope I am not alone."

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Secretary of the Navy, dated 1861. The letter is signed by Abraham Lincoln and is addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles. The letter is dated 1861 and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.





# WANT TO KNOW THE HIDDEN GOLD IS RICHES

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**GOLD**  
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**\$1**

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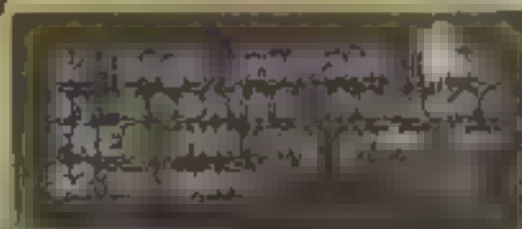
(Order item D)

10 DIFFERENT  
LINCOLN COINS

(From 1920's & earlier. All different! Includes mint marks! Fill in those spaces in your collection now at this low price!

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(Order item E)



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  - ☐ B. coin catalogue --\$1
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- SPECIAL!**  
all 5 items for \$8.00

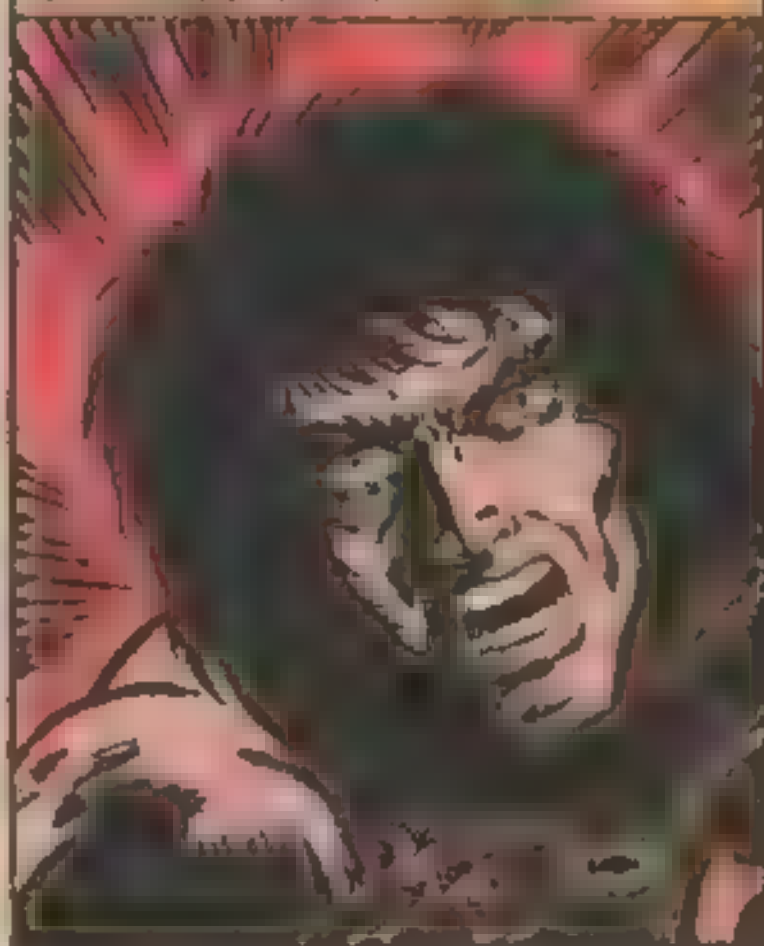
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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LIKE ALL BARBARIANS, YOUNG CONAN HAS HEARD LEGENDS OF THE DREADED SNOW-LION... BUT IN A FEW YEARS HE HAS NEVER BEFORE SEEN ONE.



THE BRUTE'S ROAR DID ITS WORK. FOR A MOMENT, THE CAMMERIAN STANDS TRANSEXXED WITH FEAR... BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT.

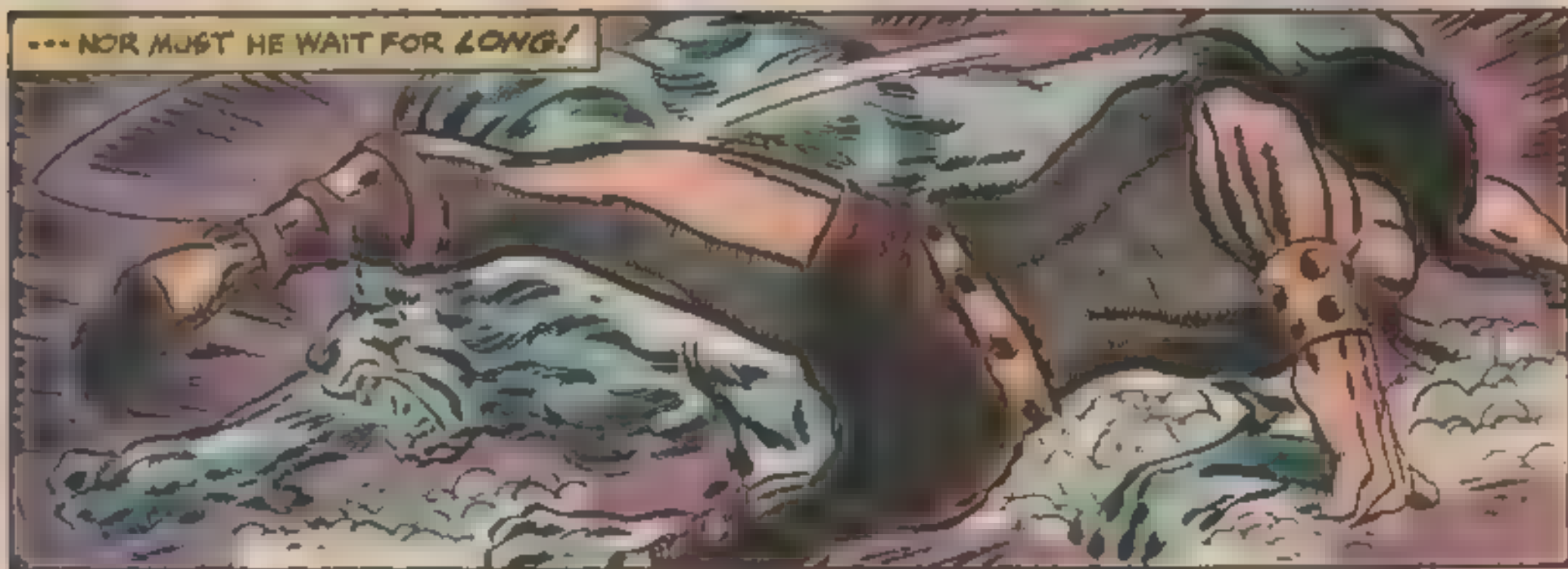


FOR, IS NOT THIS AT LEAST A NATURAL FOE... FAR MORE NATURAL THAN THE GROTEQUE BEAST-MEN WHO GLARE DOWN AT HIM?



HE DRAWS HIS BLADE FROM HIS HING... AND HE WAITS..

...NOR MUST HE WAIT FOR LONG!



HOT PETID BREATH... A RUSH OF AIR DISPLACED BY A MASSIVE FORM... THE SENSE OF STEEL-MUSCLED DEATH HURTLING BY...



AND BACK AGAIN....!

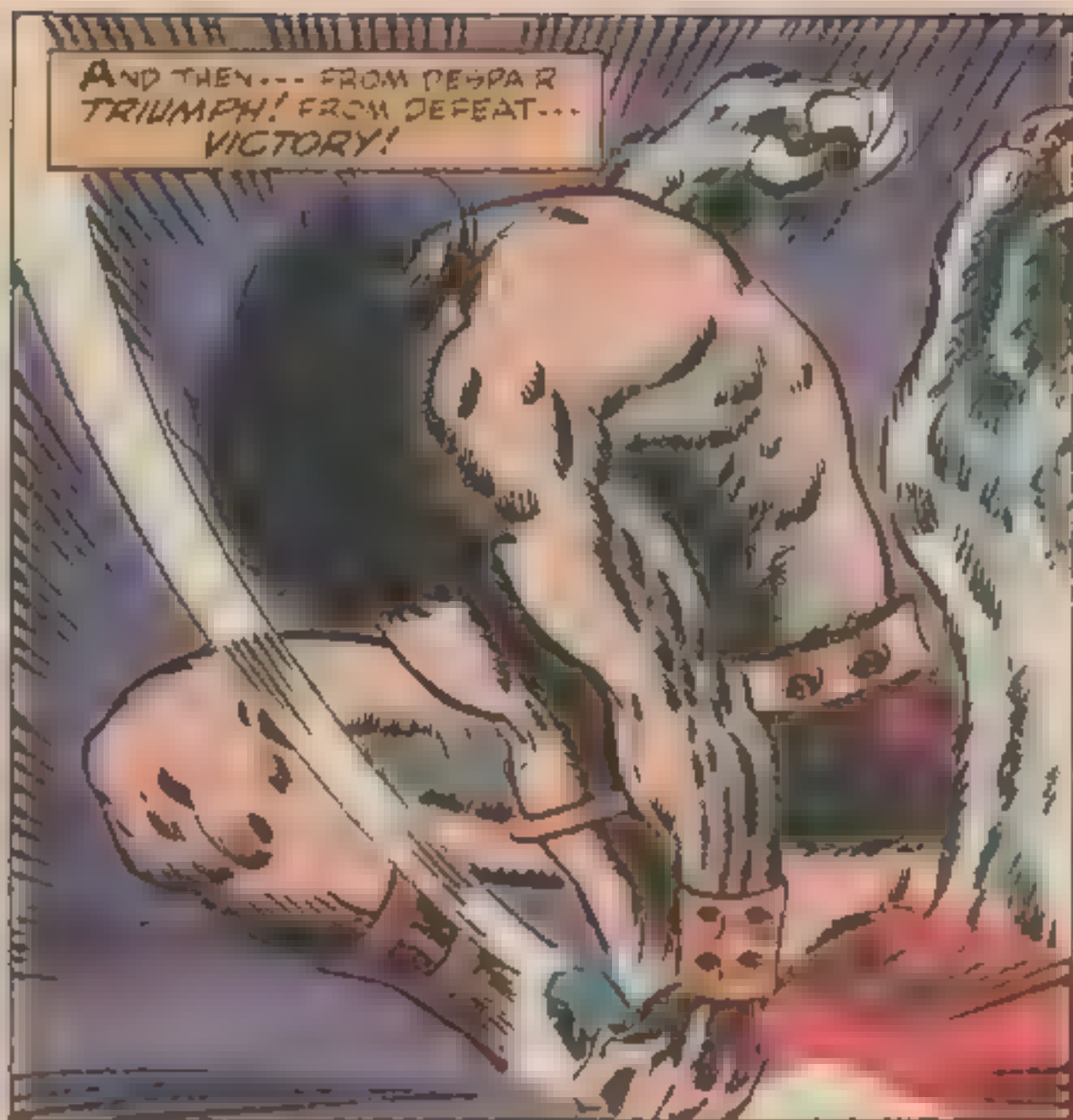




S UDDENLY A LAST AND DESPERATE SURGE OF STRENGTH... POWERFUL... YOUNG S NEWS STRETCHED TO THE BREAKING POINT...



AND THEN... FROM DESPAIR TRIUMPH! FROM DEFEAT... VICTORY!



... AND FROM OUT THE TOWNS OF DEATH... **LIFE!**



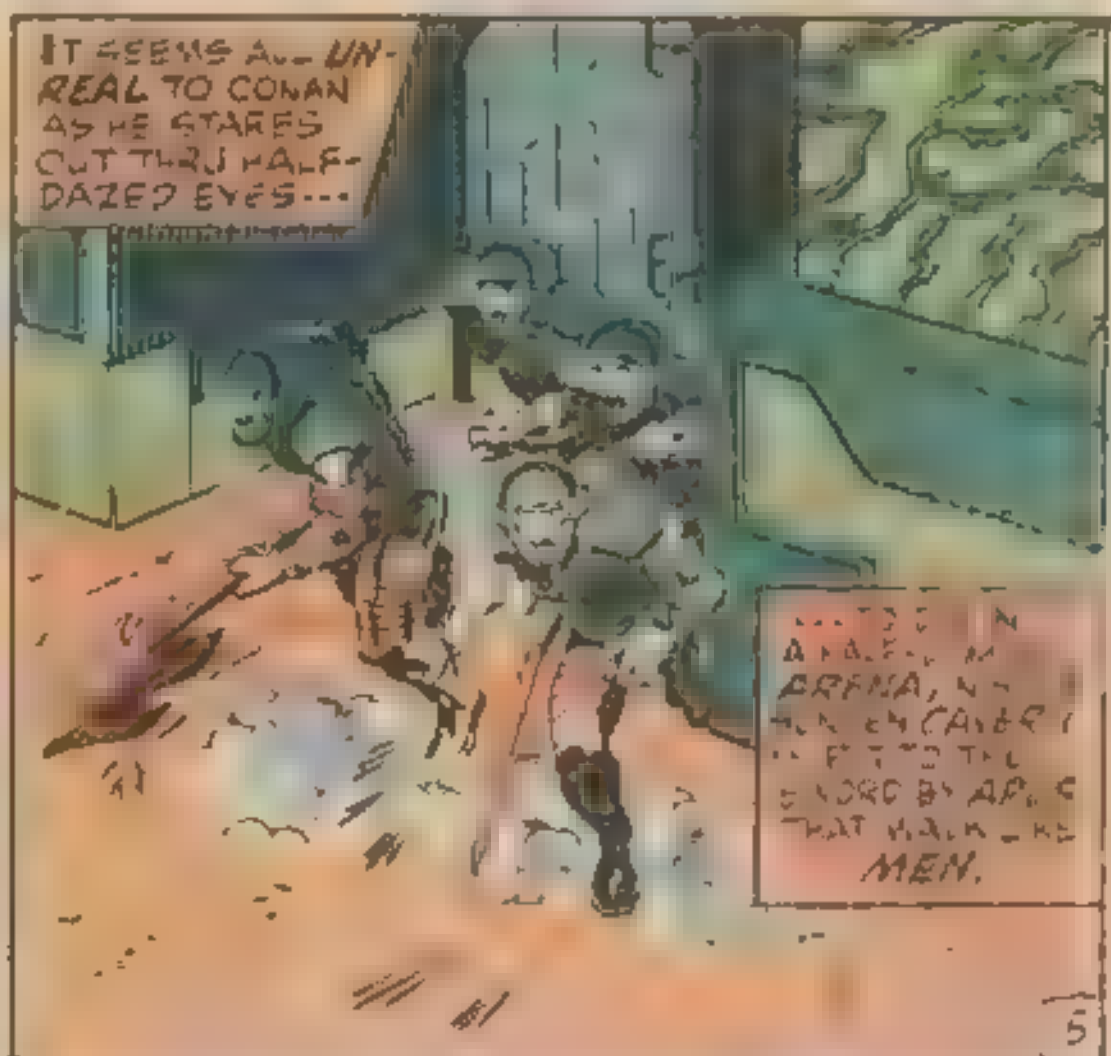
THE MANLING HAD A WEAPON! IT IS FORBIDDEN!

FOR THAT HE SHALL DIE SLOWLY... AND WITH THE GREAT CAT'S TALONS HAD FOUND HIS HEART.

GUARDSMEN!



IT SEEMS ALL UNREAL TO CONAN AS HE STARES OUT THRU HALF-DAZED EYES...



... IN AN ARCHAIC, ANCIENT ENCLAVE... THE LORD BY APPOINTMENT THAT HAD THE MEN.



WHAT CONAN'S MIND CANNOT ACCEPT...  
CONAN'S BODY WILL NOT YIELD TO.  
SQUINTING THRU DIMMED EYES HE  
LASHES OUT...

-- BUT  
TOO  
LATE!

HAA! FRIEND ZHA-GORR WILL BE SORRY  
HE WORKS THE OTHER END OF THE ARENA  
TODAY...

-- WHEN I DELIVER  
THE DEATH-  
STROKE.

HALT, HAR-LANN.  
IT'S HIS SUPREMACY  
WHO MUST DECREE THE  
MANLING'S FATE.

DEATH!

BUT NOT UNTIL HE BEGS IT-- TILL A  
SWORD THRUST IS HIS MOST FERVENT  
PRAYER.

NOT BEFORE HE GROANS THAT  
HE IS A MANLING SHALL HE  
DIE LIKE A DOG.

NO!

YOU HAVE TURNED  
US INTO DOGS---  
INTO LESS THAN  
ANIMALS.

YOU WON'T  
DO THE  
SAME TO  
HIM. YOU  
WON'T!

HUSBAND--  
HUSH!  
REMEMBER  
YOUR  
DREAM--

TOO LONG HAVE I  
BEEN THRALL TO A DREAM  
---AS MUCH AS TO THE  
BEAST-MEN.

FROM THIS HOUR,  
I SHALL BE SLAVE  
TO NEITHER.





FROM THIS HOUR LET THERE BE NO MORE MANLINGS...



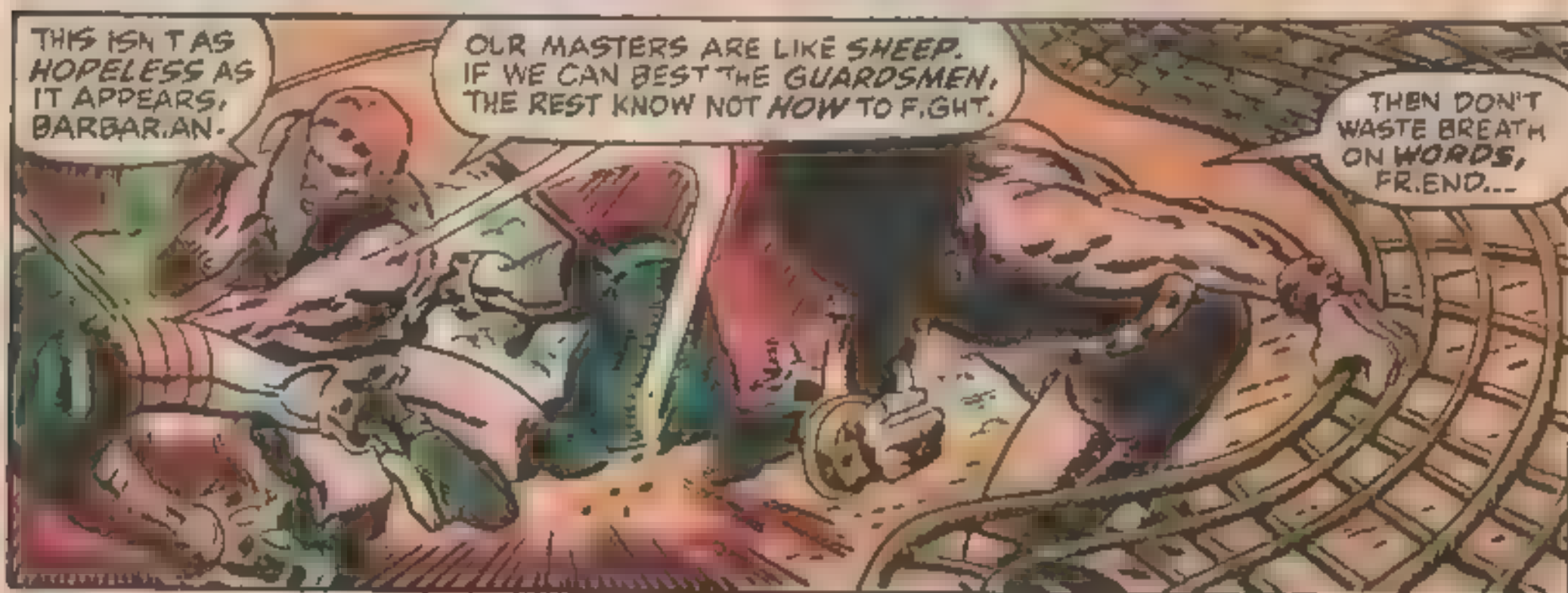
... BUT ONLY FREE MEN... AND DEAD MEN!

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?



THEN THE DAY BREAKS... AND A TOWER OF TERRIFIED HUMANITY POLLS THRU THE SHATTERED DOOR...

... MOST TO FLEE... BUT A FEW, DESPITE THEIR FEARS TO FIGHT UNHARVED...



THIS ISN'T AS HOPELESS AS IT APPEARS, BARBARIAN.

OUR MASTERS ARE LIKE SHEEP. IF WE CAN BEST THE GUARDSMEN, THE REST KNOW NOT HOW TO FIGHT.

THEN DON'T WASTE BREATH ON WORDS, FRIEND...



... BUT STRIKE OUT AT OUR FOES, AND SELL YOUR LIFE DEARLY IF YOU MUST.

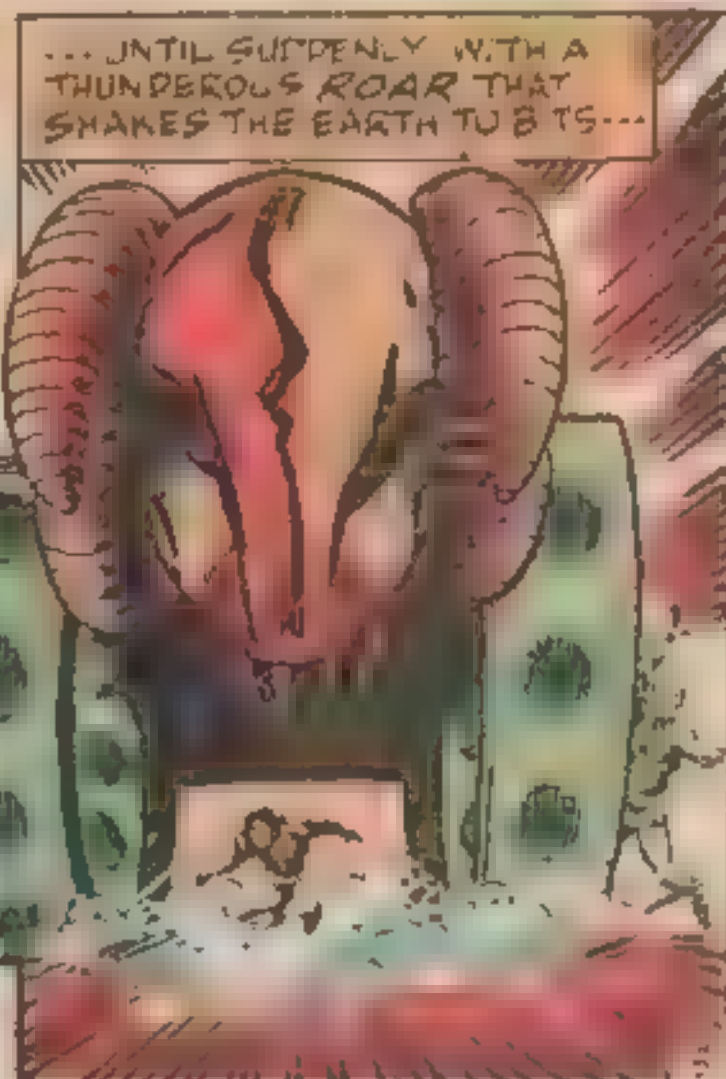
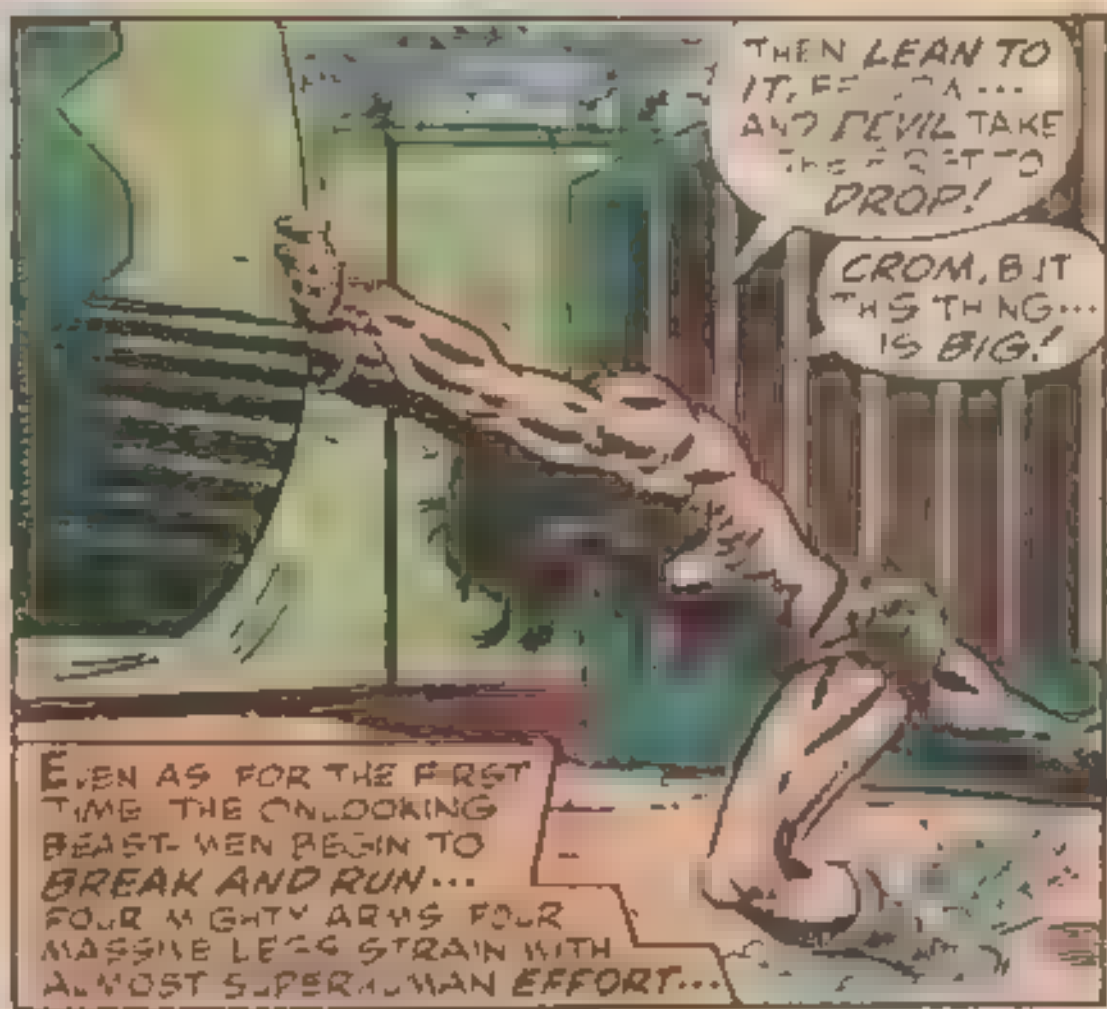
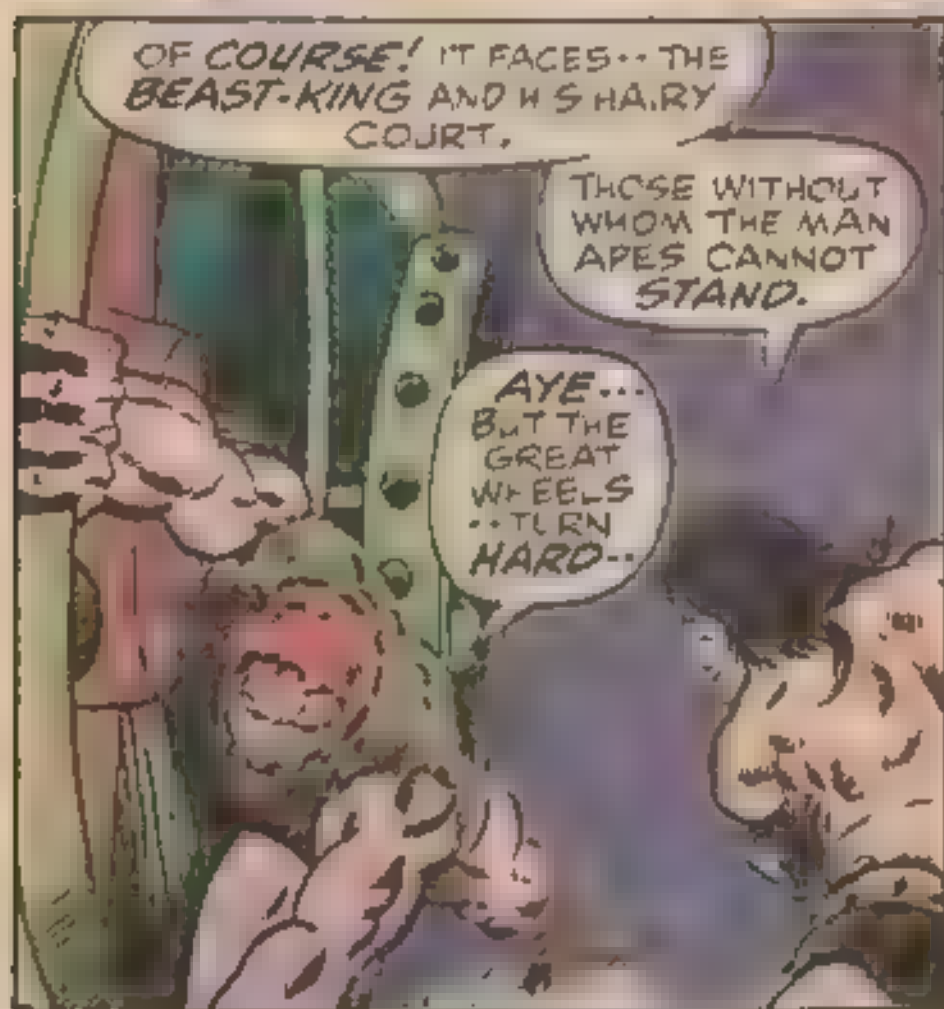
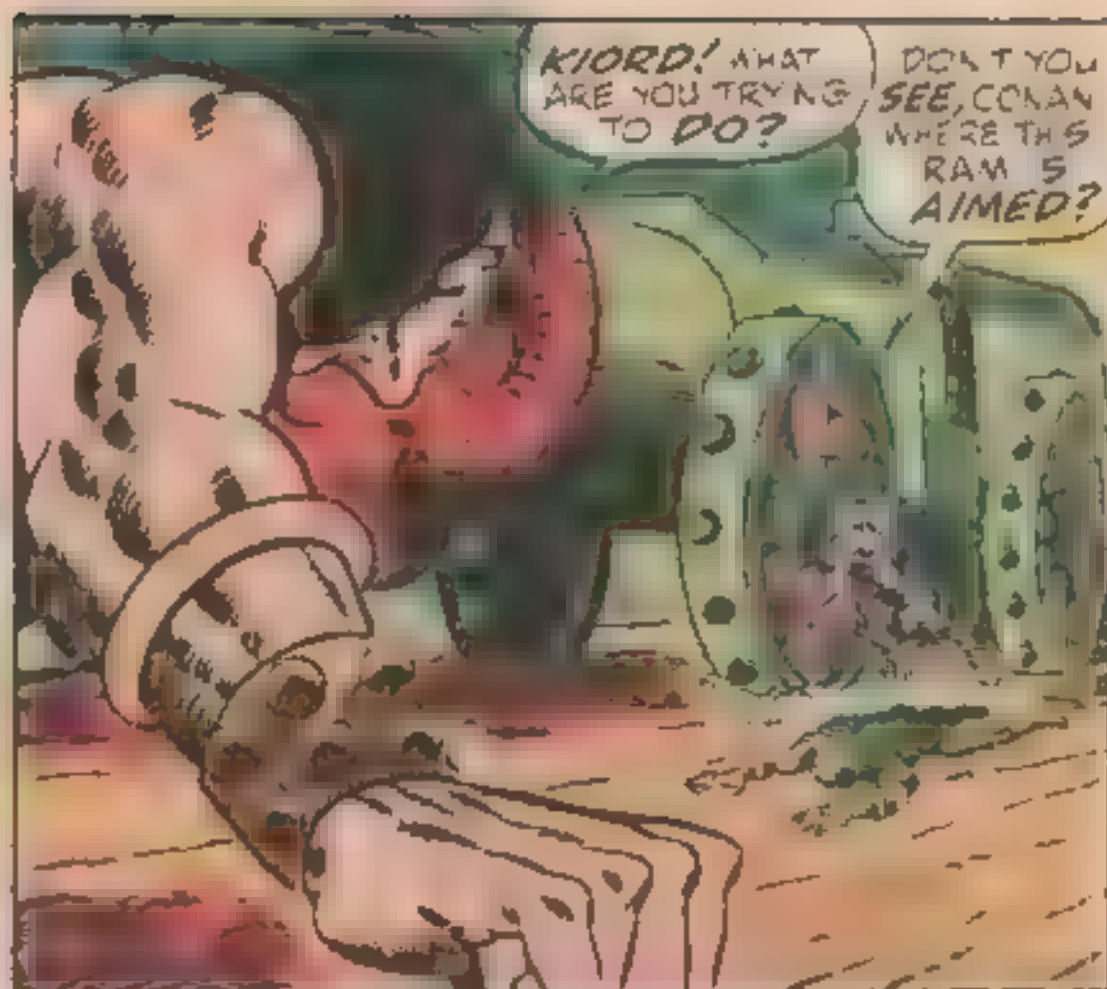
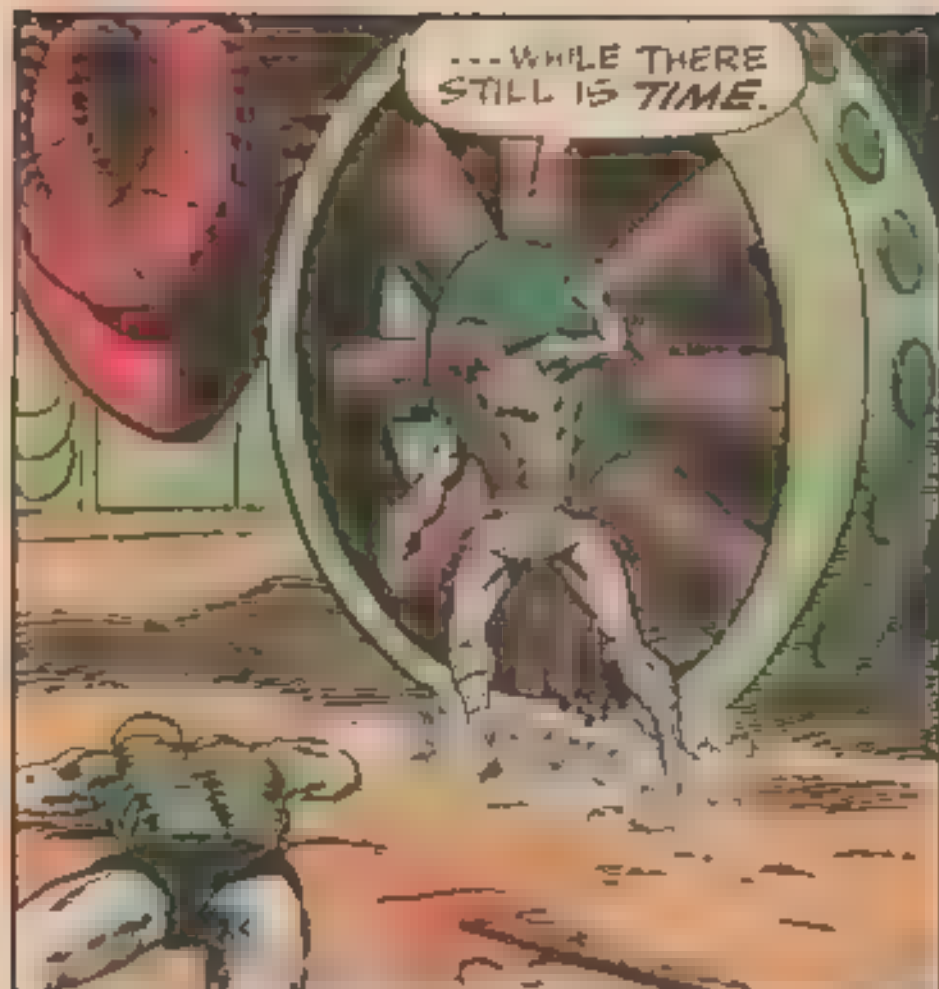
GUARDS! PROTECT YOU THE WAR-WEAPONS!

YES... THE WEAPONS!



PERHAPS THEY WILL EVEN THE SCALES...









---AND WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED THAT THOSE FEW CRUMBLING **PILLARS** FORMED THE SUPPORT FOR THE VERY **ARENA** ITSELF?

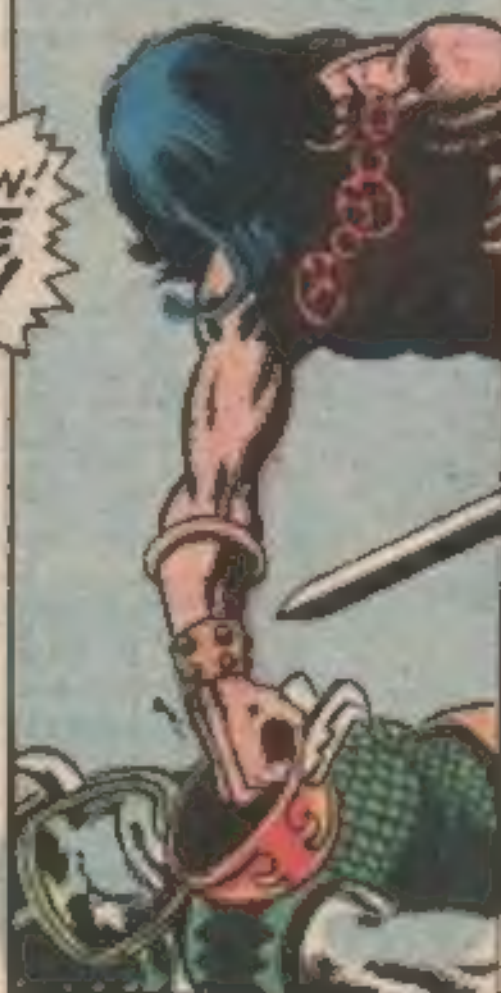


**WE HAVE WON!  
WE ARE FREE!**

**NO!** HERE'S MY **HELMET**, WHERE **ZHA-GORR** MUST HAVE **DROPPED** IT.

WELL, YOUR DREAM HAS COME TO **PASS**, **KIORD**--AND PRECIOUS **LITTLE** OF MEN'S BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED. WHAT THINK YOU OF **THAT**?

**KIORD?**



SAVE YOUR **BREATH**, MANLING! I KNOW NOT HOW IT IS IN THE **WORLD ABOVE**---

BUT IN **BRUTHEIM**, **DEAD MEN** DO NOT **SPEAK!**



**KIORD!**





I PRAY YOU HAVE A SOUL, ZHA-GORR...

... THAT IT MAY DRIFT AND MUTTER FOREVER IN SOME BEAST-MAN'S HELL!



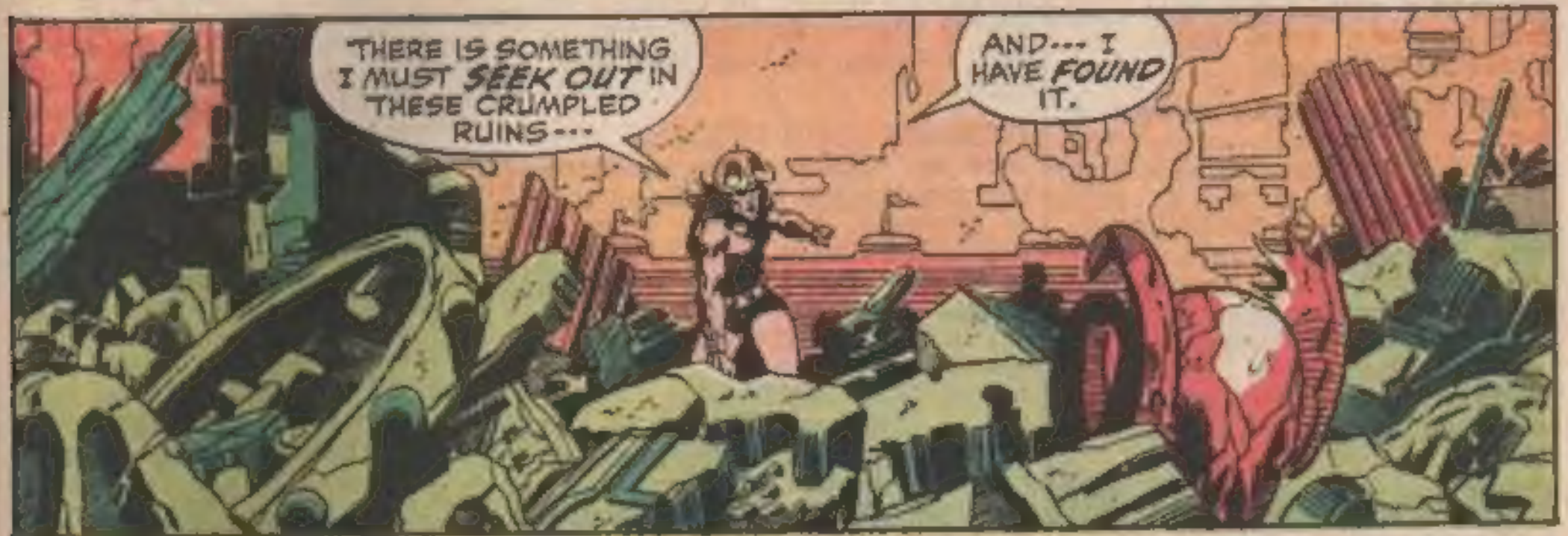
WE ARE FREE... FREE TO BE OUR OWN MASTERS AT LAST-- THANKS BE TO YOU AND KIORD, BARBARIAN.

BUT--- KIORD LIES SO STILL. IS HE---?



THE LAST MAN-APES ARE GONE NOW-- FLED, UNCOMPREHENDING, TO DARK FORGOTTEN CAVERNS AND PERHAPS TO THE SNOW-LANDS WHICH SPAWNED THEIR ANCESTORS --- AS TEARS WELL UP IN EYES WHICH HAVE NEVER KNOWN THEM ---

BACK, I SAY. STAND ASIDE!



THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST SEEK OUT IN THESE CRUMPLED RUINS---

AND--- I HAVE FOUND IT.



YES, THRALLS --- YOU ARE FREE NOW, AND LONG MAY YOU REMAIN SO.

BUT LET YOUR LEGENDS SAY OF THIS DAY THAT A KING LED YOU TO VICTORY---



--- AND THAT HIS NAME WAS KIORD.



FOR HE WAS THE LAST OF THE MANLINGS---

BUT FIRST AMONG--- MEN.

Finis



# THE HYBORIAN PAGE

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**SPECIAL NOTE:** While the first issue of CONAN THE BARBARIAN was being written and drawn, scripter Roy Thomas (who doubles as Stan's associate editor and sometime busboy) found himself musing over just what some articulate fantasy fans — and professionals, too, for that matter — might think of Marvel's first full-scale fling into the far-out world of swords and sorcery. The answer came in a flash: Why not ask them? But by the time full-color, stapled-and-bound copies could be commented upon, the third issue of CONAN would already be upon us — and Roy had this brainstorm of featuring a letters column in the second issue, don't you see. And so, sets of black-and-white proofs of the first issue were sent out to the kindly, cooperative (yes, even enthusiastic) souls whose names are inscribed below — and their candid comments follow the brief biographical remarks below:

Harlan Ellison is one of the top writers in the science-fiction field today; he collects Hugo and Nebula awards the way Marvel collects Alleys! He is also, it would seem, one of the biggest Conan boosters this side of the late Robert E. Howard himself. Or, to let Harlan put it in his own inimitable way:

People:

Surely he is a dream. It is simply too beautiful to believe we at last have the Cimmerian in a pictorial form on a continuing basis. The world isn't like that; you just don't get your wish-fantasies translated into material terms. And even though there will be readers who will say he isn't precisely as Howard envisioned him, even though his first adventure is not quite as compelling as, say, "Red Nails," still, the love and care that went into his first comic appearance can only be taken as positive omens for Conan's long and lusty future. And if this isn't all some kind of cruel joke played by one of the Dark Gods, the Conan comic will flourish and one day soon we can expect to see a pictorial rendition of that incredible story-opening in which Conan, crucified on the desert, wrenches the spikes from his hands to rescue the beautiful slave-girl. We can only thank Roy Thomas and Barry Smith and Stan Lee and Dan Adkins for these treasures. Onward, men!

Harlan Ellison  
Hollywood, Calif.

Glenn Lord, perhaps the Conan fan supreme, is also literary executor of the Robert E. Howard estate — and the gentleman without whose kind permission there would be no CONAN comic-magazine. His own comments:

Dear Roy,

Barry Smith did a fine job with his artwork. The story, despite the obvious handicap of having to introduce Conan in particular, and the Hyborian Age in general, to the uninitiated, came off very well. I think you worked in the "background history" quite well, and future issues should be something to look forward to. It's too bad that Howard didn't live to see his literary creation achieve its present popularity. I'll look forward to seeing your adaptation of his "The Tower of the Elephant"; it will be interesting to see how this story adapts to comic form.

Glenn Lord  
Pasadena, Texas

Two of Roy's oldest friends in comics (and a-f) fandom — and occasionally two of his and Marvel's severest critics — are Don and Maggie Thompson, publishers of the comic-book newsletter NEWFANGLES and other comic-art items. They generally give more than is bargained for, so when Roy asked for their comments (pro and con, of course), he was hardly surprised to receive by return mail not one letter but two. Ladies first:

Dear Roy,

My comments on CONAN #1 won't be on the accuracy of fighting, weaponry, or winged demons' aerodynamics. I'm simply a fan of Robert E. Howard — and Marvel Comics — and am speaking as such.

Possibly, Howard's basic elements were action, sex, and horror — just those elements which have to be considerably toned down in comic-books. You've given yourselves quite a job! You may have substituted a bit too much talk for some of those ingredients; the first half was a bit wordy and delayed getting into the situation. In fact, page 6 was totally superfluous and could have been thrown out, tightening the story considerably.

And Barry Smith obviously hadn't yet caught the swing of the art; there were stiff and awkward figures — and the girl's proportions on the cluttered cover were strange, indeed.

But there was enormous promise. The story flowed into an impressive conclusion; the last half was extremely well handled, both in text and much of the art. Possibly, in fact, I'm prejudiced against much of the work in #1 because I've seen some of #2 — and the promise seems to be greatly fulfilled there. What you must take from Howard is, obviously, over-all mood. You've come far already; if you continue to improve at this rate, you should have A Certified Winner ere long.

May Bast keep your house free from mice  
Maggie Thompson

And, from husband Don, a reporter for the Cleveland Press:

Roy Thomas,

CONAN #1 is a good start, far better than I expected. I found it hard to imagine a sword & sorcery epic translated into the bloodless pages of today's Code-approved comic-books, but you have turned the trick.

The book starts slow and wordy but improves rapidly; by about the second half of the book I became engrossed in the story and anxious about the end. (Here you echo Howard — the introduction of the supernatural element always picks up the pace and quality of his stories.)

Mood is the important factor to Howard and you have caught that pretty well toward the end of the story.

I would say that you can hold your head up when being compared to others who have written of Conan since Howard killed himself in 1938. You are not as good as Sprague de Camp, but the other imitators have fared worse than you.

I hope you will maintain continuity, writing stories in between Howard's and doing occasional adaptations of REH's originals from time to time — but aging Conan slowly and in sequence, instead of jumping from stripling to aging king.

May Ra make his face shine upon thee.

Don Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd.  
Mentor, Ohio 44060

## KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

**R.F.O.** (Real Frantic One) — A buyer of at least 3 Marvel mags a month.  
**T.T.B.** (Titanic True Believer) — A divinely-inspired "No-Prize" winner.  
**Q.N.S.** (Quite 'Nuff Sayer) — A fortunate frantic one who's had a letter printed.

**K.O.F.** (Keeper Of the Flame) — One who recruits a newcomer to Marvel's rollickin' ranks.  
**P.M.M.** (Permanent Marvelite Maximus) — Anyone possessing all four of the other titles.  
**F.F.F.** (Fearless Front-Facer) — An honorary title bestowed for devotion to Marvel above and beyond the call of duty.



**NEXT: THE GRIM GREY GOD!**